

Not Really Needed

by Adrian Tullberg

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Summary: You make a trip, but the problem's already fixed

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>In the middle of the night, in picturesque Sunnydale, California, a bizarre electromechanical groaning broke the silence. A bright blue Police Box circa 1963 materialised, and two figures got out, examining their surroundings.

>A short, dark-haired man in a baggy cream linen suit and Panama hat scanned the surroundings with his time-path locator, especially modified for pinpointing sources of chronometric fluctuations along an artificial wave form or as his companion 'Ace' called it, his someone's-buggered-with-time-detector-finder-thingy. She was not a fan of Star Trek.

>"Ahh ... as you can see, this is definitely the source of the temporal disturbance."

>"What, this town?"

>"Yesss ... the whole area is a battery for psychic energy, in all known wavelengths. Whoever's responsible is using the local energies as a power source..." The Doctor stopped, looking at the hundreds of posters celebrating, in all shapes and forms, the virtues of one 'Johnathan'.

>"Who's this guy?"

>The Doctor scanned the posters. "Low chronometric half-life ... I daresay this is the disturbance. Somehow, this ... 'Johnathan' has altered time ... at a low level ... to artificially aggrandise himself."

>They walked into the town, examining the surroundings. Everybody was somehow worshipping Johnathan with that messianic fervour attended to cult leaders and special guests at science-fiction conventions.

>"So he's altered time just to look good?"

>"Apparently."

>"Not for anything else ... I mean, good things like creating peace in the Middle East, solving World Economic problems, and preventing wars? Just so he can look cool?"

>"Seems that way."

>"Git."

>"Come now." The Doctor stated, rubbing his hands. A Challenge was coming his way. "We have to track down the exact source of the alteration in time. First of all, we'll confront this Johnathan himself, chances are he'll have some position of authority here and have us locked up ... better go to the local jails and take a look at the locks... Then we'll see if there's any locals who have noticed the alterations, pool resources and then..."

>All the posters were beginning to disappear. As Ace watched, the topics of conversation switched away from Johnathan, and migrated to the familiar patterns of Tom Cruise, Brad Pitt and Pokemon.

>"What just happened?"

>The Doctor was looking at his ... detector with alarm. "Somebody else has already fixed the disturbance."

>"Oh." Ace looked around ... everything seemed normal. "Fair enough."

>"But I was here!" wailed the Doctor. "This is exactly the sort of thing that I do!"

>"It was probably nothing." Said Ace, laying a comforting hand on his shoulder. "Back to the TARDIS?"

>"It's not fair." Muttered the Doctor, as Ace led him back the way they came. "I tracked the time disturbance, I pinpointed the cause, I should be the one who gets to stop it!"

>"Life's like that." Stated Ace. "Look, why don't we go back, you can have a lie-down, and then we'll go and find a nice alien invasion to stop, how about that?"

>A blonde man with a leather overcoat jumped out of an alleyway, face heavily mutated. "All right! Your wallets! Your cash..."

>Without slowing, Ace sent a Doc Marten into his groin. As the girl and the despondent Time Lord walked by, the attacker's eyes rolled up, he emitted a pathetic whimper, and slid to the ground, crying for his mummy.

>The Doctor looked behind him. "Who was that?"

>"Just some bloke whose parents were probably brother and sister. Fancy a cuppa?"

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Boredom and a Word Processor don't mix....
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>Please send any and all feedback to atullberg@my-deja.com

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